Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly?* how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke?*

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. what didſt thou looſe, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn?* why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand poud *Hal?* a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee called you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll?*

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay tis Copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal?* thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſarra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandoms* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* thou knoweſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtalffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therefore more frailty you confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?